

(Bonus) Bonus Episode: FOR FUTURE ILYAAS

Abigail, as the intro: Hello hello! Surprise!! There's a bonus episode today. Pour one out for Ilyaas coming back from Rhysea.

A few things - we have merch now!! You can check out the link in the description for how to get to that! It is so sexy, Nat made it.

Next - we have a limerick!! This one is for stalwart Em, who asked for a limerick on cake -

*There once was a baker named Perry
Who cakes were laden with sherry
He said it cooked off
His patrons would scoff
But it did make the cakes light and airy*

Of course, if you, too, would like a silly little limerick about an (arguably pg) topic of your choice, you can donate on kofi at ko-fi.com/backagainpodcast and I will write you a definitely silly, likely terrible little rhyme, too.

Finally - stick around after the credits of the episode! We have a lovely little trailer from Mx. Bad Luck that just - oh my god, guys, listen to this show.

Love y'all!! Have a wonderful rest of your day!!

[FX: Recording cuts in - it is the usual quiet background hum.]

Ilyaas: hey, there, future Ilyaas - this is your reminder that just because you've been eighteen before doesn't mean that you should waste it your second time around. Not many days now, not many days now until eighteen is properly gone for good. Go do something exciting and ridiculous for me. Bye.

[Recording cuts out.]

[FX: Recording cuts in. There are bells - and - birds? In the background of the recording. Maybe she's in a park.]

Ilyaas: - fuck, okay, I just remembered that word. It's *caligan* - fuck, no, *calligan* - don't forget, don't forget.

[Recording cuts out.]

[FX: Recording cuts in - it is the usual quiet background hum.]

Ilyaas: Hey, there, future ilyaas. I know tomorrow is two years. I know. I know. I'm not going to stop you from putting your fucking armor on and turning out your lights right before midnight and hoping and hoping even though we both *know* that armor is not fucking *pyjamas*, and you're going to be so sore, but i am going to remind you that last year you woke up and turned eighteen for the second time and did not see Rhysea and

that nearly fucking broke you so. This is me, in a rational mind, talking to you, irrational Ilyaas of hope and tomorrows, and asking you if it's really worth the heartbreak. You're moving across the country, babe. You don't have time to waste the day being sad. You need to pack your shit and take the rest of it to goodwill. Ten days until you're gone. Keep moving. Keep moving. Don't you dare pause to cry.

[Recording cuts out.]

[FX: Recording cuts in - it is the usual quiet background hum.]

Ilyaas: Hey there, future Ilyaas. This is for when you inevitably remember that I left you this recording after making bad decisions out in the city and taking the bus home with less than all of your faculties intact. Your first reminder - babe, I put your headphones in your bag. Yeah, they're the wired ones, because I'm sure sober me would not want to trust you right now with the bluetooth ones. Are they in? Are you sad? That has to be why you're listening to this. Good. Here's a few reminders - one - remember what everyone always says about prophecy children and outlasting your utility in another realm. You're not the exception, babe! If it happened to Lucy Pevensie why do you think it wouldn't happen to you!

Two - no, traem did not taste better than whatever you've been drinking. It was gross. It was so gross. And also - you sound like an idiot. Stop flipping your t's to the bartender and hoping that someone asks where your accent is from. What are you going to tell them if they do ask? You sound dumb. Stop it.

Three - he did not love you. He did not love you. It was justified. You did what you had to do. Do you hear me? You did what you had to do to make that world right. If it spit you back out right afterwards, it's because the gods of portal magic agree that you did the right thing. He got what he deserved. You are not a villain.

Drink some water when you get home. Go to bed. Please don't stay up any later. We have work tomorrow.

[Recording cuts out.]

[FX: Recording cuts in - there are echoes and people talking.

Harried footsteps make their way around in the background. Maybe it is the Seattle subway.]

Ilyaas: *fuck* - that song Cassian used to sing when he was little - I thought i remembered the chorus but the Link was crowded and i didn't want to be that shithead singing on the train car - but then that dude came in blasting his music from his fucking boombox and now I can't remember - it's gone again. It's gone.

[Recording cuts out.]

[FX: Recording cuts in - there is wind hitting the mic. The sounds of a city - cars, people, footsteps - are heavy in the background. Ilyaas sounds a little out of breath.]

Ilyaas: This one isn't even for future Ilyaas, this is for me right now - that wasn't him. There was no way that's him. He's dead. He's dead. You watched him die. He can't be here. There's no chance he lives in this city, too. Don't wish him back here. Don't do it. It wasn't him. It wasn't him.

[Recording cuts out.]

[Recording cuts in - it is quiet.]

Ilyaas: hey, there, future Ilyaas. Here's your daily reminder: you're not going back. You're not. Stop trying to hold on.

[Recording cuts out. There isn't anything more.]

Abigail, as the outro: Back Again, Back Again is written and produced by me, Abigail Eliza. If you're enjoying the show, please consider leaving a review on your podcast platform of choice or supporting Back Again, Back Again on Ko-Fi at

ko-fi.com/backagainpodcast, where if you leave a topic in your donation box, I'll write you a ridiculous little lymerick to read out at the end of the show! OR - guys, we have merch now!! Nat @ natdrinkstea on tumblr did some absolutely gorgeous commissions - plus, of course, silly banners and logo stuff that I did - that you can check out in the description of the episode. Chloe, does it slay?

If you'd like to hear more about the show, visit us on Twitter, Instagram, or Tumblr @backagainpodcast or on Tik Tok @abigailelizawrites. Our outro music is Nightingales by Pierce Murphy from the album To Japan, and is licensed under an Attribution License. The song was retrieved from FreeMusicArchive.org. Visit the description of this episode for full copyright information and a link to the page. Sound effect attribution, similarly, can be found in the episode description.

If you've made it this far, thanks for sticking around. I'm so proud of you for making it through your worst days and for finding happiness where you can. You are loved. I hope you have a wonderful day.

Mx. Bad Luck Trailer!!!

''BAD LUCK'' BY SEBASTIAN VALENZUELA FADE OUT

INT. APARTMENT

CAT PURRING

MICAH

What could go wrong in a month. 31 days. 744 hours. Less than that if you have a decent sleep schedule but i've yet to meet anyone who does, so im gonna assume you all to be insomniacs or solar powered robots until proven otherwise. Does anyone actually leave their house before 8 pm anymore? I'm not leaving beforehand to check so that can remain a mystery for now. I'd argue 8 pm is a world known time to collect energy drinks and any source of caffeine before settling down and pretending to do those papers due last month. But that's beside the point.

FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS

SALEM

Talking to the cat doesn't count as therapy y'know?

MICAH

No, but he's a good listener

SALEM

I don't blame you, it's been a long month. Are you ready to put an end to it micah?

MICAH

As ready as i'll ever be

SALEM

Then lead the way mx.bad luck, we've got a curse to stop- what's the worst that could happen?

MICAH

Famous last words salem, famous last words

BAILEY

Hurry up guys or I'm leaving without you!

SALEM

Times up, lets go before bailey starts messing with things he shouldn't

FOOTSTEPS

MICAH

What could go wrong in a month? Spoiler alert, the answers a lot. Like a lot a lot.

''GOOD LUCK'' BY SEBASTIAN VALENZUELA FADE IN

Stream mx bad luck wherever you listen to podcasts and join us on our journey to find good luck amongst the bad.